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No. 92.

MEMORIES OF ME.

BY ST. SIMO.

When crimson paints the Eastern sky,
And the red sun with glances bright
Leaves the horizon, then on high,
Dispelling the dim shades of night:
And the fair earth awakes once more
To revel 'neath the azure sea
With dream of days that's gone before,
And sometimes think of me?

Or, when the evening shades draw near,
And shadows creep across the plain;
When the stars in the crowded firm,
Dancing across the perfumed air,
When zephyrs with their soothing kiss
Float out across the waveless sea,
Leaving behind their trail of bias,
Will sometimes think of me?

Or, when the golden stars send down
A line of light to the wave,
Smiling on the crowded firm,
Where rests the noble pure and brave;
Where perfume fills the mellow air,
And dewdrops sparkle on the sea,
And all the world is flushed from care,
Will sometimes think of me?

The Red Rajah:

ON THE SCOURGE OF THE INDIES.

A TALE OF THE MALAYAN ISLES.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "MUSTANG HUNTERS," "KNIGHT
OF THE RUBIES," "THE GRIZZLY HUN-
TERS," "THE BLACK WIZARD,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAN EATERS.

The hot sun shone out in the midst of a cloudless sky. The rocks glowed and scorched in the fierce heat, as they cropped up here and there from the white sand on the beach.

The sea outside was as smooth as a mirror. Only the ever restless, heaving "ground swell" passed silently and mysteriously along at intervals, and dashed into glittering foam on the sunken coral reef that encircled the island.

The sharks stole silently about just outside the breakers. You could see the sharp back fins darting to and fro among some floating fragments.

Seeing the tranquil appearance of every thing around that lovely island, you would never have thought of storm and tempest. And yet, only the day before, a frightful typhoon had swept over it with devouring rage. Those fragments only yesterday were part and parcel of a noble frigate. She was dashed to atoms upon the hidden edge of that terrible reef, only marked now by that white ripple.

But where are her crew?

Ast those ghastly monsters, skimming silently to and fro, cutting the golden sunshine as it kisses the water.

But, surely, some escaped out of four hundred brave sailors, instinct with life and strength?

If so, they left the shore, and we must follow them.

The mainland, away from the white beach, was a perfect wilderness of beauty. Feathery coco-palms waved their plumed heads in the gentle breeze, that now and then stirred for an instant. Clumps of luxuriant bananas displayed their dark leaves all around, loaded with yellow pods. The bread fruit stood in little groves. Prickly beds of pineapples covered the glades. Gorgeous birds of paradise flitted from branch to branch, with parrots all flaming with green and scarlet, and blue and gold macaws.

The murmur of a little stream, tinkling over the pebbles, told of fresh water, all that was needed to complete the paradise.

There, in the midst of a grassy glade, spangled with bright flowers, was gathered a group of white people.

It was the little remnant of the crew of the ill-fated frigate, only five in number, all told. They were seated on the ground, in earnest conversation, consulting on means of escape from the island, and never dreaming of the presence of their treacherous foes.

There were three men in the party. The gold-faced cap of that bronzed, middle-aged man, of powerful frame, announced him as one of the officers of the vessel. But his attire consisted only of the shirt and trowsers in which he had swum to the shore, and the rest of the party were similarly destitute.

A venerable old man with white hair sat next to him. Half clad, and wreathed as was his condition, there was a certain air about him that spoke of high life.

Next to him was a young man of near thirty, handsome and well-built, who might have been any thing, from an artist to a sailor. Frank and open in face, with a brow of uncommon breadth and height, his clear hazel eyes, and brown hair and beard, made his a pleasant face to look at.

Claude Peyton, the young Virginian, was an amateur artist, musician and poet; a yachtsman of that daring kind which America alone produces; who had traveled all over the world for fun, and sold his little Baltimore-built schooner at Melbourne for twice what she cost him. How he had drifted to the Marquesas Islands, and how he came to be aboard the frigate "Philomel" (carrying out a new Governor to the French colony of Pondicherry in India,) time will show.

He was in a hard case now, at all events. Cast ashore by a tremendous wave the night before, he had been dashed against a rock, with so much force as to break two ribs, and render him incapable of walking on his bruised limbs without help.

But his eye was as bright and cheerful, his laugh as gay as ever, although he had

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As the white bust of the young man became exposed to view, the chief suddenly started back, with a loud exclamation of wonder.

to lie on his back on the grass; and Peyton was the soul of the little party still.

The other two members of the group were women. One was an old French nurse, the nurse and protectress of that young girl, of slender, delicate frame, whose long black hair the old woman was carefully plaiting.

The girl was quite a child, not more than fourteen at the utmost. Her face was very pale, the features small, and delicate in outline, and lighted up by the most magnificent eyes ever seen. They were like two dark lakes at midnight, in whose clear depths the stars lie sleeping.

The old gentleman was the Marquis de Favannes, late Governor of the Marquesas group, under French rule, who had been promoted to the Governorship of Pondicherry. On his passage thither he had been wrecked, as we see. The child was his only daughter, Marguerite, who went with him, and old Marie's guardianship.

"Ah! captain!" the old marquis was saying, "if it were only the question of living here, we need have no fear. There are fish, flesh and fowl enough for the catching. But how shall we get away?"

Captain Bonhonneu shook his head, gloomily.

"God knows," he said. "If we get a chance—"

He had no time to utter more.

An awful cry, a yell, as if hell were let loose, suddenly broke from the thickets all round them. Captain Bonhonneu leaped to his feet, with a shout of terror, catching up a musket that lay beside him.

"Alas! the weapon was empty.

A throng of bronzed figures, brandishing spears and clubs, came leaping on the glade from every side; their white pointed teeth glistening from their dark faces, and uttering appalling yells.

The women shrank and cowered down into the earth before the terrible onslaught, but the old marquis sprung up, as active as a boy, and flashed out a ship's cutlass that lay beside him.

That and the empty musket were the only weapons saved from the wreck.

Drop your arms! Don't resist!" cried poor Claude Peyton, as he lay on the grass, unable to move.

But the caution came too late.

A hundred ferocious savages attacked the two Frenchmen, as they rose to defend themselves. The burly captain, a man framed like a Hercules, kept them at bay for some minutes, fighting like a tiger against overwhelming odds. The heavy musket but swept the air in circles all round, and dashed man after man to the ground. But, while the captain was engaged in front, a tall savage ran at him from behind, with a lance of ironwood, whose long, sharp blade was notched and barbed with sharks' teeth.

Pierced through and through, the unhappy sailor fell writhing to the earth, and a dozen clubs descended on his head where he lay, smashing it out of all semblance of humanity.

The poor old marquis, fighting gallantly, was beaten down, dead, at the very beginning of the affray; and a yell of triumph proclaimed the victory of the savages.

Claude Peyton lay still on the grass by the females. He expected every minute to be murdered. But the savages appeared to be satisfied with slaughter for the present. A ring was formed around the dead bodies, and the living prisoners.

Claude half raised himself on his elbow, and watched, with bewildered curiosity, the motions of the naked demons. They commenced a sort of slow dance at once, moving in time with measured steps. Their fierce eyes were bent, with a wolfish glare, on the dead bodies.

The poor old woman, palsied with terror, crouched over the form of the prostrate child, gazing stonily on the hideous orgies going on around them.

Now the chant changed its character.

It became faster and wilder. A single savage, evidently a chief, moved out from the circle, and commenced a song of vituperation,

apostrophizing the dead bodies. He seemed to be reproaching them for their resistance, and heaping contempt on them.

At last, after a long harangue, he uttered a sudden yell, at which signal all present united in a chorus of howls, and the circle broke up.

At the sound of that yell, the child, just waking up, relapsed into insensibility. The old nurse cowered down over her charge, and Claude shuddered.

A moment more the savages pounced down upon the survivors of the little group, and forced them to their feet.

Claude was dragged to a palm-tree, by the edge of the glade, and secured to it in a twinkling, with bark ropes. The old woman and the girl were bound hand and foot, and thrown down close to him.

Four villainous-looking fellows were left to guard them, and the rest of the savages dispersed. The dead bodies of the two white men, and three savages slain by the captain, lay in the middle of the little glade, by the banks of the brook.

"What are they going to do?" thought Claude, as he stood fastened to the tree.

He had not long to wait before he understood.

The whole band soon came trooping back, each man with a large faggot of dry sticks, which they cast on the ground near the dead bodies.

Then the horrible truth burst on him in a flash.

The savages were cannibals!

There was no mistaking their intentions. In a very few minutes a large fire was crackling and blazing in the middle of the glade. The hoarse, bellowing sounds of conch shells, blown by numbers of people in the vicinity, announced the approach of more savages to join the feast. Soon they came in, from all quarters, men, women, and little, toddling children, all dancing, and yelling, and clapping their hands for glee.

Just as neatly as professed butchers, the cannibals proceeded to cut up the bodies, not only of the white men, but also of their own slain comrades. The whole crowd hung around the fires, increasing every mo-

ment. It became evident that there would be not enough to satisfy them all.

Like hungry wolves, they seized the pieces of flesh, singed them hastily in the flames, and tore them to pieces with ferocious avidity. Inside of twenty minutes not a vestige remained of the bodies, and still the demons wretched appeared to be unsatisfied.

A sickening sensation of loathing and repugnance overcame poor Peyton, as he looked on, and felt that his turn would come next.

The man-eaters began to cast glances toward him and his companions, and then, for the first time, the young man noticed that little Marguerite had regained her consciousness.

The poor child lay there, the cruel bonds cutting into her delicate flesh, her great eyes dilated with mute terror, and fixed upon the grisly forms, dancing with devilish glee.

"Oh! my God!" groaned poor Claude, utterly overcome, "must that pure, delicate little being suffer such a horrid fate?"

The girl heard his ejaculation, and understood it, though he spoke English. Marguerite de Favannes was a great admirer of the handsome young stranger, who was so kind to her all the voyage. Child-like, she thought he could do anything.

"Oh! Monsieur Claude," she murmured, "where are we? Where is papa? What are those fearful men doing? Don't let them hurt Marguerite."

Claude broke down with a great sob.

"God help us all!" he said. "I am as helpless as you, little one. I fear we are doomed."

Even as he spoke, a great clamor arose among the savages, who seemed to be disputing some point with much anger. From the frequent pointing toward the prisoners, Peyton concluded that they were agitating the question of their death. He did not dare to tell Marguerite. The poor child was blessed in her unconsciousness.

There is something so repulsive to the nature of man in the idea of cannibalism, that the poor fellow's soul seemed to sink within him, when, at last, a deputation of hideous, tattooed demons approached, and

began to examine the prisoners, as if to select the fittest.

They passed contemptuously over the old negro. One of them uttered some jest, about her leanness and toughness, probably, for the rest laughed boisterously.

They did not seem to pay much attention to the child, either, and Peyton felt relieved about her immediate fate. But they stopped opposite to himself, and examined him with great apparent satisfaction.

The head chief felt his arms and ribs, and nodded approvingly, while he expatiated on his good condition.

His cronies assented gladly, and the chief cut the prisoner's bonds and signed to him to step out. Alone, badly injured, and totally defenseless, Peyton had no choice but to obey. He hobbled forward, with difficulty, and the chief laid his hand on his arm, and signed to him to strip off his shirt.

The young man hesitated. He felt that he was to be slaughtered, and yet he hardly liked to assist his butchers.

The chief stamped his foot angrily, and signed to him to pull it off. Peyton stood mute and still.

Muttering some furious words, the savage laid his strong right hand on the other's collar and tore the shirt open with a single wrench. As he did so, and the white bust of the young man became exposed to view, the chief suddenly started back, with a loud exclamation of wonder, at something which he saw. He fixed his eyes on the broad breast of the prisoner, and, calling to the rest, pointed out to them a strange figure traced thereon, in blue lines.

Peyton stared stupidly at the savages. He could not comprehend what was the matter. What was his surprise, when the chief prostrated himself at his feet, and the whole assembly of savages followed the example!

A moment before they would have devoured him as their prey. Now they were worshiping him as a god!

And what had caused this sudden change?

An idle device, tattooed by a school-boy brother, more than twenty years before, by the banks of the rushing Rappahannock. A rude sketch of a palm-tree, with a snake coiled around it, tail in mouth. The ancient emblems of life and eternity they were. How well Claude remembered that day, when his wild brother Clarence, full of some book of Egyptian mysteries he had been reading, would hear of nothing but tattooing the strange device on his breast. Poor Clarence! Wild and wilful ever—was he yet alive? He had not seen that brother for twenty long years now, when he left home in anger.

And now, Clarence's queer freak was the means of saving his brother's life. This device seemed to have touched some mysterious cord in the breasts of the islanders.

He heard them discussing the matter in their strange Polynesian language, of which the only word he understood was the phrase frequently repeated of "Taboo-tuboo."

He knew that that meant "sacred," and comprehended that something had made him so in their eyes.

The chief called out to some one in the rear, and a little, dark-skinned girl came forward with a long mantle of *tappa*, or native Polynesian cloth, which she offered to the astounded Peyton in lieu of his torn garments.

Observing that the young man could not walk from pain, the stalwart Polynesian knelt down at his feet, and made signs that he should ride upon his shoulders.

But Claude, overwhelmed with sudden honors as he was, had not forgotten his friends. He was resolved to save the orphaned child from the horrible fate that awaited her, if the thing was possible. He hobbled forward to her side, and stretched out his hands over her, crying, as he did so:

"Taboo—taboo."

He had heard that a thing might be tabooed so.

But an universal cry of dissent showed him on how slender a thread his own safety still hung.

The savages refused to taboo the girl.

What was to be done? He could not leave the little one to be devoured. While he hesitated, the stalwart islander made signs to him again, to mount on his shoulders. The faces of the crowd around again grew dark and menacing. Claude took his resolution.

He took the child, and lifted her in his arms, hugging her close to him, so that his body sheltered her from them all.

"Kill us both, then," he said, doggedly, in English, as if they could understand him; "one taboo, taboo both."

Something in his attitude and defiant look seemed to make them hesitate.

It was only for a moment, however. The next, strong hands tore the shrieking child from his grasp. He was lifted by main-force on the shoulders of the huge savage, who ran off with him as if he were a child.

He saw the little girl dragged into the center of the glade, and the uplifted clubs ready to take her life; and then occurred an interruption so sudden and unexpected that he hardly believed his eyes.

A line of men, all glittering in gold and scarlet, came leaping and bounding through the trees, with a shrill yell, driving the naked savages before them like sheep.

The gleaming of steel weapons, and the crackling of fire-arms, told that the newcomers were of a different race from the dark Polynesians.

The latter did not seem even to think of resistance, for they dropped spears and clubs, left their helpless female prisoner behind, still unarmed, and fled into the interior of the island, bearing with them only the tabooed white man, to whose possession they appeared to attach a mysterious import.

CHAPTER II.

THE RED RAJAH.

LITTLE MARGUERITE was hardly conscious of what was passing around her, so terror-stricken was she. She saw, one moment, hideous naked forms, tattooed with blue marks, with diabolical faces, surrounding her with uplifted clubs. The next moment she was left alone. The savages were running like frightened deer. Then there came a rush of more men round her; and the poor child fell on her knees, imagining that they would kill her. She closed her eyes, expecting every moment to feel the blow. But none came.

She opened them to gaze timidly around, and they met those of a very tall and singularly handsome man, who stood close to her, regarding her with a fixed gaze.

The stranger, like all of the men around,

was clad entirely in scarlet and gold; and his costume was extraordinarily rich. He was armed like all the rest, and wore his hair long and flowing.

But poor Marguerite noted nothing in particular as yet. All she was conscious of was that wild men, with dark, fierce faces and long, streaming black hair, were all around her, talking in some strange language that she could not understand; and their chief stood with his strange eyes fixed on hers in a manner that made her tremble. She was like the bird under the gaze of the serpent, powerless to move. Her own dark eyes, unconsciously pleading and pitiful, were riveted on those of the chief, as she knelt there with clasped hands.

What was her amazement, then, to be addressed by this wonderful-looking chief in her own language, spoken with perfect purity.

"What is your name, child?" asked he, in a voice of singular depth and sweetness.

Marguerite hardly understood him yet, she was so bewildered with terror. He smiled kindly, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Fear not, little one," he said; "you are among friends now. What is your name?"

Marguerite looked up in the stranger's face. It was one of those dark, handsome, wicked faces, that a fallen angel might have worn. But now, with the smile that lighted it up, it looked so beautiful and grand, that the simple child thought it perfect. All her terror seemed to vanish, under the magic influence of that single glance. Without knowing how it came about, she had told him her name, and all her little history, up to the time of the attack of the savages. More she did not know. She was quite unconscious of her father's horrible fate.

"And who are you, monsieur?" she asked him, at the close of her little tale, to which the other listened attentively.

The stranger drew himself up proudly. A smile lifted his long, drooping mustache, as he answered:

"I am a man of whom half the world hereabouts talks as a prince, the other half as a devil. If you wish the name I go by, here it is, written on my dress, and that of my crew. I am THE RED RAJAH."

Marguerite did not understand him, but she said nothing. She looked around her with more confidence, however, and beheld old Marie close to her, on her knees, gazing upon her prayers as fast as she could, with her eyes closed, evidently expecting immediate death. Her young mistress went to her, and roused her with the assurance that they were safe, while the Red Rajah was speaking to one of his men.

The man salaamed respectfully, and replied in a few words. The Red Rajah turned to the girl.

"Your friends are all dead, I think," he said; "and you had best ask no questions about them. They are dead, and you are left alone. You must come with me."

The girl did not burst out crying as he expected. The poor child had suffered too terribly a shock to leave her the power for that. She only turned to him pleadingly.

"Oh! monsieur," she said, "I knew it. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"You will come with us," was the reply. "I will take you to my home, where the paradise bird flutters among the palm trees, and the flowers bloom all the year round. There you shall be the queen of a thousand slaves, and the wealth of the Indies shall be pointed at your feet. Will you come, Marguerite?"

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The gleaming of steel weapons, and the crackling of fire-arms, told that the newcomers were of a different race from the dark Polynesians.

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sels to stand up under all sail in very heavy weather, by sending some men out on the outrigger to balance the boat with their weight.

The Rajah stood near the girl on the fighting-deck, superintending the watering of his vessels. The last load had been taken aboard and stowed, and the men were hoisting in the canoe, when a shout from the outside vessel caused the chief to turn sharply to the horizon outside.

"*Busar prahu, Busar prahu!*" shouted a tall man, evidently commander of the furthest vessel from the richness of his attire, pointing seaward.

The Rajah looked fixedly in the direction indicated. Marguerite's eyes followed him, and she beheld on the horizon the well-defined sails of a large ship. The Rajah spoke to a pretty Dyak lad who stood by, and the boy dived into the cabin behind. He reappeared with a beautiful double-glass of the best London make which he handed to the Red Rajah. The chief took it, and inspected the stranger long and keenly. When he lowered the glass, there was an ugly look on his face, such as Marguerite had not seen yet. He had looked like a fallen angel before.

The devil traits began to darken the haughty beauty of his face now.

He closed the glass and gave it back to the boy. Then, raising the whistle to his lips, he blew three short, quick puffs into it, that proved the signs of activity.

The instant they were heard, the crew rushed to their work like a hive of bees. The long cables, made of the ever-useful rattan, which supplies the place of cordage in the Malay Archipelago, were hauled in, and the anchors brought on board. The latter were made of ironwood, the crooked fork of a tree being chosen. Indeed, every thing on board the native war-boats is made of wood, lashed with rattan. Not a single nail is used anywhere.

Each of them supported a yard of immense length, made of bamboos spliced together, on which a triangular sail of cocoanut mat was spread. The butt of each yard was hauled down to the deck, the lofty peak of the lateen sails mounted in the air, and the next minute the Rajah's war-boat skimmed out of the little bay, through the opening in the coral reef, and stood out into the open sea. The others followed immediately after; and, as the sun was now fast declining, the breeze freshened.

The war-boats drew swiftly out from the lee of the land, and, as they did so, hoisted their jibs, and shaped a course toward the strange ship.

The speed with which the pirate cruisers cut the water was amazing. The swiftest yacht would have had no chance with them, on account of their peculiar model. Like a racing shell, they offered hardly any resistance to the water, and yet the steady properties of the outrigger rendered them "as stiff as a church."

The Red Rajah walked the deck of his vessel, his eye glancing from the stranger back to his own deck. He had forgotten all about the presence of the child he was carrying off, and was only intent on his prey.

The strange vessel was beating up, laboriously, toward the island. From the general clumsiness of her appearance, as they saw her more plainly, she seemed to be a Dutch vessel. The blue bows and steep sides, the short masts and squat-looking spars were sure indications of the phlegmatic Hollander.

The Rajah saw that the Dutchman was in his power. He had the weather-gage in the first place, and could sail three or four feet to the other's one.

He had not been half an hour on the seas when the stranger's decks became plainly visible. And yet the Dutchman, although he saw the war-boats, seemed to have no alarm about them, but held on his course steadily, till the pirates were within half a mile of her, when the ship suddenly wore round and showed them her stern, going off before the wind.

A simultaneous yell from all the pirates announced their appreciation of the tardy compliment to their prowess, when the Dutch vessel spread her sternails below and aloft, and made the best of her way to the south-east.

But all the sail she could crack on could not make her a match for the swift war-boats of the pirates, who came up hand over hand, on either quarter.

The Rajah's war-boat was within a cable's length in less than a quarter of an hour, when the chief sounded his war-whoop again. At the signal, over two hundred active forms leaped upon the fighting-deck from below, and a tremendous yell rent the air.

At the same moment, the three long swivel guns, with which the pirate was armed, went off on the deck below, and a shower of grape-shot and pieces of iron flew all over the Dutchman.

But there occurred a transformation in the latter so sudden and amazing as to awe even the dare-devil pirates for a moment.

A screen of canvas, ingeniously painted to represent the clumsy outline of a merchant ship, was dropped from all along the sides of the strange vessel, and the black hull and grinning ports of a man-of-war became visible to the astonished Malays.

"I thought so," muttered the Red Rajah, fiercely, to himself. "But you let us get too close, Mynheer, before you showed your teeth."

And he spoke the truth.

Even while he was talking, the corvette (for such she was) put her helm a-starboard, and came sweeping broadside to the Malay war-boats. But the latter were so close to them that the salvo of artillery which roared out now was well-nigh ineffectual. Nine out of ten of the shots went overhead, and made havoc with yards and sails.

Now the Red Rajah showed in his true colors, and deserved the name he bore. At a puff of his war-whistle, his own masts and yards were sent down on deck in an instant, and the war-boats ranged up alongside of the corvette. A dozen huge hooks flew through the air, and caught in the chains of the stranger, grappling war-boats and ship in one deadly embrace.

The Red Rajah himself was the first to spring up the corvette's side, kriss in hand. His dark eyes were blazing; his long hair streamed behind him, far below his shoulders; the cloth of gold and scarlet of his

rich dress glistened in the sun, and he wore in his belt a pair of revolvers, perhaps the first ever seen on a Malay prahu.

With a yell of ferocity, the whole crew of the Rajah's vessel came swarming in at the open ports and over the bulwarks of the corvette, only to be received by a discharge of fire-arms so close and deadly that the pirates recoiled before it for a moment.

The next, headed by the tall form of the Red Rajah, they closed in a desperate hand-to-hand fight, kriss against cutlass.

(To be continued.)

The Mustangers: A TALE OF THE CROSS TIMBERS.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID,
AUTHOR OF "HEADLESS HORSEMAN," "SCALP-HUNTERS," "LONE RANCH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPEER V.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

COLONEL MAGOFFIN and his party had all dismounted, and were preparing their encampment for the night, when they saw two horsemen approaching over the plain.

as their lot's tamed. I don't go with them—I daren't. No. There are people from Louisiana—settlers—coming in every day. I'd be sure of meeting some old face—some sharp eye to recognize me; and then—those accursed Regulators! What am I to do? Stay here all my life—an outcast upon the prairies? To think I am forever separated from her—she for whom?" He stopped abruptly, and looked apprehensively round, as if he feared some one might hear him. After a short silence, however, he burst out with an expression of intense longing: "Oh! I could only have her in my arms for a single hour, I would risk all—even the rope."

"Can I not go back to Louisiana, and live there in disguise? Why not? My beard would do something toward it. But no. It needs money to keep out of every one's sight—and money I haven't got. Never will have it, by such a paltry trade as this—catching horses, at ten dollars, a head."

"Stay; there's better scheme. Fanning has told me of it. He intends joining the Comanches, for a raid over the Rio Grande that gets plunder, and might yield riches. It is said that some of these Mexican *haciendadas* have large sums of specie in their houses—gold and silver plate. I've more than half a mind to join Fanning and his freebooting band. It only needs to change the color of my skin—not much, at that."

"By heavens! I'll do it. Once in possession of money, I can go anywhere, and do anything. That is the true giver of disguises, and the means to act under them. This fellow—Thornley—has some cash. He'll buy my share of the captured mustangs; and then let them take them to a market. I'll stay with Fanning, and with him go over the Rio Grande."

These were the thoughts of Louis Lebar—or the man who so called himself—as he sat by the wild horse-corral, awaiting the return of his fellow mustanglers.

Not long after, though much later than he expected, they made their appearance.

"You did well to come at last," he said, gruffly. "What in the name of thunder, detained you?"

"Oh! if you'd been with us, you'd have seen something would have detained you, too," replied Thornley, good-naturedly. "A pair of pretty girls is a sight one don't see every day, out here by the Cross Timbers."

"There are some pretty girls in the Seminole tribe. You haven't come across them, have you?"

Lebar said this with a sneer: as much as that he himself was the favored party in that quarter.

"I'm not speaking of squaws, Master Louis," retorted the mustanger; "but girls with a white skin, young ladies—angels, Carol here, would call them. Wouldn't you, Wash?"

"Durned ef I wu'dn't; an' durned ef I don't. Ef they ain't angels—both on 'em—this never set eyes on an angel."

"Ed Thorne, you and Wash Carroll have made up your minds to have a joke on me. I'm not in much humor for it, till I've had something to eat. After that, I may be better pleased to listen to your chaffing."

"Eat, then!" said Wash, handing the Louisianian a wallet containing some corn-cake and cold roast turkey. "But that ain't no chaffin' bout it. It air a true story—jest as Ed says it."

"On honor," it's true, Lebar. We have seen what we say."

"When, pray?" demanded the hungry hunter, commencing an attack upon the provisions, which seemed to put him in a better humor. "I'm ready to hear your explanation."

Thornley gave it, by detailing the encounter on the prairie with the party of newly-arrived settlers.

"Where are they from?" asked the Louisianian, after listening to the first few particulars.

"Well," said Thornley, "although they're all one family, they are from two different States. Some of them are from Tennessee—and some from Louisiana. By the way, Lebar, as you are a Louisianian, you may know something about them?"

Lebar did not need this question to excite his curiosity. It was already excited, by hearing the word "Louisiana." For him that name had a terrible significance.

"Louisiana's a large State," he said, preserving an air of indifference; "and there are thousands of people in it I know nothing about. If you can tell me the name of these people, who have seen fit to leave it, perhaps I could then say whether they have ever been among my acquaintances. You heard their name, I suppose?"

"Well, that we didn't—at least I didn't—not the party from Louisiana. The gentleman at the head of the party gave us his name; but he is a Tennessean, and an old friend of Wash here, who can tell you all about him."

Lebar looked, inquiringly, toward Carroll. "Oh, yes," drawled out Wash Carroll; "this chile air not only acquaint w' his name, but a good deal o' his history; an' can sortify that both air a honor to Tennessee. I fit alongside o' him, an' alongside o' ole Hickory, in the Crik an' Cherokee war; an' in them thar skirmishes that wan't neery one that stid better up to the scratch than Lootenant Bill Magoffin—now Colonel Magoffin, o' the Tennessee milishya."

It was fortunate for Louis Lebar that the sun had by this time set, and the shades of night were around them. It hindered his two companions from observing the deadly pallor that overspread his face when the name of "Magoffin" fell upon his ear. And yet, Wash Carroll noted a tremor in his voice, and the assumption of indifference in its tone, when he asked, more mechanically than otherwise:

"Colonel Magoffin, is it?"

"Yes, siree," replied Wash; "that is the person."

The conversation dropped. The three men, wearied with their long horse-chase, and the working it had entailed, by common consent wrapped themselves up in their blankets, and lay down under the shadow of the trees, to seek sleep.

To all appearance, they were not long in finding it—despite the neighing of the captured steeds, and the barking of the prairie wolves, who prowled around the corral.

CHAPTER VII.

A STEALTHY RECONNAISSANCE.

Or the three mustanglers, two of them were asleep, almost on the instant of lying down. They were Carroll and Thornley. Sleep came suddenly, after the long spell of weariness, rendered necessary during the drive of the mustang herd.

Just then there was no repose for Louis

Lebar. He had taken a nap, during the absence of the others, which had, to some extent, refreshed him. It was not this that kept him awake, but a wild tumult in his soul, caused by what his companions had communicated to him. He had not questioned them very minutely about the personal of the emigrant party. He was afraid of doing so lest he might arouse some suspicions.

Although night had come on during the conversation, and they could not note the changed expression of his face, his voice had trembled and he knew it. It had done so from the moment of his hearing the name "Magoffin."

He had laid himself down at some distance from the other two. He did not keep his recumbent attitude for long—only long enough to assure himself that both were buried in sleep, which he could tell had taken place by their sonorous snorings.

Then he rose silently erect, permitted the blanket to slip down at his feet, and, stepping forth from its folds, strode off, crouching through the trees.

On getting to the outer edge of the grove he stopped for a second or two to reflect—or rather to guide himself as to the direction he should take.

It was the camp of the colonists he intended visiting. He knew the locality in which it had been pitched. In a few words Carroll had described the place. It was not over two miles off; and there was, therefore, no need for him to take his mule. He could walk with ease the distance afoot—moreover, the animal might betray him, for the visit was to be one of stealth.

In a short while he had taken the bearings of the ground, and into the starlight he started across the prairie.

"Magoffin!" he muttered to himself, as he strode on. "They had an uncle of that name, somewhere in Tennessee. It must be they! An uncle from Tennessee, a young lady, his niece, from Louisiana, and the other girl her cousin. I've heard she had such a cousin. The coincidence would be too strange. It must be they. It can not be otherwise."

"Is it the hand of God—or the devil? If it is Louisiana Dupre, one or the other is on my side. If it be she, one or the other has delivered her to me at last. By heavens, it seems too strange for belief!"

He strode on till a light sparkled before his eyes. He knew it was the camp-fire of the emigrants, kindled among the trees. There was a "spint" of timber along the bank of the stream, and, entering under this, he proceeded on his silence.

He soon came in sight of the encampment. He saw the white canvas-tiles of the wagons, showing gray under the starlight, with the animals standing around them. The fire was a little apart, and blazing brightly. Its flame fell upon a circle of faces.

Men and women—all whites.

Another fire was near, encircled by black faces and burly forms. They were the negro slaves. It was still early, and they were occupied in the cooking of their suppers, the planter and his family having finished theirs.

Lebar dropped upon his hands and knees, and crawled nearer. The trunks of the trees and the shadow of their foliage overhead gave him security from being seen. It was only necessary for him to avoid making noise; and this precaution he successfully observed.

Gliding silently on, he at length drew near the fire, sufficiently near to enable him to distinguish the faces.

Among the rest, he saw one that sent the blood in wild current through his veins—that of the woman he had long loved, and to whom he had hopelessly sued!

Lebar cowered behind the tree-trunk, looking upon that pale, beautiful face.

It seemed almost a fate—one of those dark destinies that must be fulfilled—and as the spy stole away through the trees, and back to the sleeping-place of the mustanglers, his whole thoughts were altogether occupied in contriving the means by which it could be shaped to his own end.

That night nothing could be done; and he lay down again on the spot from which he had risen—neither of his companions having suspected his absence.

Even his wicked spirit could no longer resist weariness, and he soon fell asleep, despite the shrill, wild neighing of the mustangs—wilder at finding themselves restrained from the free range of their prairie pastures.

CHAPTER VIII.

A VILE BARGAIN.

"WHAT brings the Black Mustanger to the Seminole camp at this late hour of the night?"

"He comes to do the Seminole chief a service."

"He is welcome at all times—more so, when he brings with him a favor. What is it?"

"Tiger Tail wants a squaw?"

"He has many."

"Not any that are white."

"No; they are all of his own race and color."

"Tiger Tail has told me of his desire to possess a white wife."

"He will give an hundred horses for such an one—that is, if she be young and beautiful."

"He may have one that is both, and without giving a single horse for her."

"The Black Mustanger's words are pleasant to the ear. When and where can this treasure be obtained?"

"Almost at any time—and not far off."

"But there are conditions. There is danger to be encountered?"

"There are conditions, but not much danger."

"Will the mustanger explain himself?"

"He will."

The chief, who was already smoking, took the pipe from his mouth, handed it to his visitor, and then, filling another for himself, assumed an attitude to listen.

The mustanger continued:

"This day there has arrived out here a party of whites, bringing with them about an equal number of negroes. They are emigrants from the States, who intend making a settlement not far from this place. I have not seen them myself, but my comrades have, and told me of the spot where they've made their camp, and intend building a house. What's more, from the description, I know who they are. Now, chief, you have promised me your friend—your sworn it."

"Tiger Tail will keep his oath," grunted the Indian, taking the calumet from his mouth, and making a cabalistic sign with its long feather-adorned stem.

"I know it," continued the mustanger;

"and will trust to you—for you, also, will have a reward in that which must be done. What I want is this: that you, with your band, attack this party of emigrants; kill every white man of them—about the blacks it don't matter—and carry off the two white women as captives."

"There are two?"

"Yes; both young girls—both beautiful; one of them to be the wife of the Seminole chief."

"And the other?"

"My wife—or what you may please to call it. 'Tis for that I seek your aid."

"The Black Mustanger has seen this pale-faced girl before?"

"I have seen her, and loved her. She has been the curse of my life. For her sake I have committed crime; I love her still, and will commit other crimes to possess her. You, chief, will assist me?"

"She must be very beautiful."

"She is!"

"The more beautiful of the two?"

"Not in your eyes, chief. I know that you have told me you wanted a white squaw—one with the red on her cheek, and the golden sunlight in her hair. She has not that; but her cousin has—for the two are cousins. I shall have no fear of being jealous, for I know which of the two will attract Tiger Tail."

"The Black Mustanger speaks fair. If it is as he says, there need be no jealousy between us. It shall be as he wishes it. What action will he counsel?"

"Go with your band to the encampment of the whites. There see for yourself, and make your plans as they appear best. First speak to them fairly; there is no need for haste, as they've come here to form a settlement. I must not be with you—not must either of my comrades suspect any thing of our design. They know nothing of my past life, or that I ever met these people before. If they knew that—and something besides—I should be shy about going back to them. We have just trapped a drove of wild horses, and to-morrow intend taming them. At that, I shall go on with them all the same, and, when it's over, return to this place, and hear what the Seminole chief thinks of this scheme which I have proposed to him. Tiger Tail will then tell me what he thinks of her with the roses on her cheek, and the sunlight in her hair. When he has once seen her, I know he will want her, as much as I do the paler lily by her side. Chief! are you agreed?"

Another grunting exclamation—with another cabalistic movement of the plumed pipe-stem—told how consonant was the infamous proposal to the feelings of the savage.

His visitor did not spend much more time in the tent; only a few minutes, given to further explanations. Then, remounting his mule, he rode back to the corral, where his companions were still sleeping.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 91.)

Adria, the Adopted: OR, The Mystery of Ellesford Grange.

AN AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "BRANDED," "SEA HARVEST," "NYMPHIA'S BRAVERY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

EX-DETECTIVE KERR sat by the quaint old side-table in the arched chamber. At his own request, this room had been deputed to his use.

He had already made a close, and, as he believed, thorough examination of every article of furniture the room had originally contained, without much hope, indeed, that former researches and the lapse of time had escaped any important discovery. Still, he was slightly disappointed when, his scrutiny ended, he found himself wiser only in regard to the substantial make and superior quality of the articles.

The contents of the wardrobe were duly overhauled, but the few rich robes and dainty laces revealed no peculiarity which might lead to the identification of the one who had worn them. The two handkerchiefs presented a clue more tangible, which the ex-detective awaited only a plausible pretext to follow.

Just now he was engaged upon a matter which drove from his thoughts all remembrance of the Ellesford mystery.

Several slips of printed paper were spread out before him, and a few written sheets, all relating to the same subject, of which the condensed contents of one slip will give an inkling:

"MURDER AND ROBBERY!—KILLED IN DEFENDING HIS OWN PROPERTY! ETC., ETC.—The double outrage, and unmistakably committed by the well-known, and daring foreign burglar, FREDERIC COOPER, alias 'Tiger Tail,' alias Dick Brown. Description: Medium height, thin and wiry; eyes, hair and complexion dark; face badly scarred; teeth even and white; forehead low and beetling," etc., etc.

Ex-detective Kerr was comuing these different papers carefully over and comparing their minutest details. This done to his apparent satisfaction, he refolded them, and, with a temporary repose, he turned his gaze upon the sharp carving below. He was naturally a hasty man, but now he repressed the impatience which rose to his lips, and, bending forward, closely scanned that portion of the sharp carving below. He was naturally a hasty man, but now he repressed the impatience which rose to his lips, and, bending forward, closely scanned that portion of the sharp carving below.

"I have no fear of mistaking my man," he said to himself, very softly. "I think I should know him in the dark."

He spoke softly, because he had proved, during his experience, that walls sometimes have ears, but he brought his hand down upon the table beside him, by way of emphasis. Possibly the action was made without reference to effect; at all events, it struck the table's edge, glancing ungracefully and with a tingling sensation over the sharp carving below. He was naturally a hasty man, but now he repressed the impatience which rose to his lips, and, bending forward, closely scanned that portion of the sharp carving below.

His fingers successively sought every protrusion in the grotesque work, and his diligence was richly rewarded. The cormorant's eye yielded beneath his pressure. A little drawer shot out from the apparently solid wood-work. With methodical precision he drew forth and examined its contents—merely

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

trusting nature, is unworthy the devotion given him. The knowledge will shatter the idol, but it will break the worshiper's heartstrings, too.

The door unclosed again and Peters stood within it. Adria, supposing him a tool of her enemy, acknowledged his presence by an indifferent glance.

"What do you want?" she asked, as he waited there silently.

"To be your friend, Miss Ellsworth," the man said, civilly. She turned to him quickly.

"Will you help me away from here?"

"I daren't do that," he returned, "but I'll help you escape the machinations of the man who has just left you. Will not this prove my sincerity?"

He gave her a bit of crumpled paper. It was Kenneth's note—the last he had written. She absorbed its contents with eager eyes.

"Oh, thank God that he is true!" she cried, fervently, grateful tears swelling up and blinding her sight. Forcing them back, she went to the man taking his hard hand between her palms.

"I will trust to you," she said. "You have given me back my precious faith. I can not thank you as I would like, but I will pray that God may bless you for your kindness to me this day."

She felt the shudder which ran through his frame.

"I don't much believe in prayers," he said, grimly, "but yours can do me no harm. So, pray for me if you like, little one!"

She stroked his hand silently, and then asked:

"Where did you get it—the letter?"

Reginald Templeton pulled it out of his pocket with some—some money he paid me."

"For keeping me here?" she asked.

He nodded.

"I'm not working for him for all that," he said. "I've a stronger incentive in the other side. If I befriend you, Miss Ellsworth, can I depend upon your silence regarding such of my affairs as you may learn here?"

"Yes, certainly," she assured him.

"I may have my secrets as well as my batters. I don't think you will attempt to pry into them." And then he told her briefly of the other woman's presence, and her low, morbid condition.

Then he led her to Nelly Kent's side, and Adria was surprised to recognize in the emaciated figure stretched almost helplessly upon the hard couch, the sweet-voiced woman who had once appeared at the Grange.

"She must have wine and nutritious food," she told Peters, and with Reginald's help he procured them that very day.

Nelly Kent, who had remained impervious to his best endeavors, slowly revived beneath Adria's treatment. The girl insisted that she should partake freely of the nourishment provided her, and as her strength returned slowly, drew her unwillingly out into the body of the mill, and gradually induced her to take much needed bodily exercise.

Peters at first demurred a little at allowing them so much liberty, but Adria's assurance that she would make no attempt to escape satisfied him.

And meanwhile they matured a plan which should result in the defeat of Reginald Templeton's darker scheme.

When the young man came again, Adria met him with less manifest aversion than she had betrayed on the former occasion. He again pleaded his cause ardently, and she did not repulse him.

"What faith can I have in any man if Kenneth is false?" she asked, avertting her face lest he should see its tell-tale flush. The concession was more than he had expected.

"Remember, he was an utter stranger," he said. "I will devote my whole life to prove my truth, my Adria."

His evident sincerity appeared to touch her. At the end of a week she had so far yielded to his entreaties as to promise vaguely that his persistent suit should receive its reward.

Elated at his success, he went out from her presence so absorbed in his triumph that he passed within a few yards of another corner without observing him. The latter man passed his hand over his vision as though doubting its accuracy, and then assured, with a hardening of the lines about his mouth, a return into the mill.

It was Colonel Templeton!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 55.)

Colors in Dress.—A good eye for color is a rarer gift than is usually supposed. Ladies who possess it look better dressed than others who do not, although they probably spend far less money on their wardrobe. It is not possible to instruct everybody in the arrangement of colors, but a few general rules may help most persons. Avoid, in the first place, blazoning contrasts, such as bright red next bright green, or bright blue next bright yellow; such contrasts are not harmonious; let one of the two colors always be subservient to the other. It is not so much what color a material is, but how that color is made to appear. It is necessary to bear in mind that all colors have their complementaries, which add to, or detract from, the beauty of the adjoining colors, according to what they may be. Thus, the complementaries of red are green, of blue are orange, of yellow are violet. If you cut out pieces of gray paper in an ornamental form, and stick a piece on each of the three colors we have named, you will find, in a shaded light, the gray will be beautifully tinted by the complementaries of these colors. But you can not lay down precise rules. An experienced artist can bring any two colors together by properly moderating them. And the hand of nature never errs, whether it brings together scarlet and crimson, as in the cactus; scarlet and purple, in the fuchsia; yellow and orange, as in the calceolaria; or the colors in the various plumage of exotic birds—the harmony is always beautiful, ever perfect. We will suggest a few contrasts: one, black and warm brown; two, violet and pale green; three, violet and light rose-color; four, deep blue and golden brown; five, chocolate and bright blue; six, deep red and gray; seven, maroon and warm green; eight, deep blue and pink; nine, chocolate and pea-green; ten, maroon and deep blue; eleven, charet and buff; twelve, black and warm green. Practice, if it does not render perfect, will, at least, greatly improve the eye for color.

Pretending Respectability.—A contemporary says:

"Silver coffin trimmings are hired out for private funerals in Lewiston, Me., to be returned after the ceremony."

Well, what of it? It is no worse than any other of the thousand and one humbugs of pretence that are so common in our midst as to be regarded as a matter of course. The effort of the person of small income and limited means, to vie with his richer neighbor in outward appearances, is leading thousands of men to ways that are dark, and making most wretched many a family which ought to be happy in the limited but respectable income.

Where it will end, who can tell? Happy indeed is he or she who can so far brave the tongues and eyes of society as to defy "appearances" and live contentedly on the modest salary.

TWO SIDES.

TOWN VS. COUNTRY.

WHEN Mrs. Tiptop returns from the country, where she has been passing the summer, with her family of four children, she sends forth the following wail:

"Well! I hope never to see the time again when I'll have to put up at a far-

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BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL'S

NEW STORY,

JULIA'S PERIL;

OR,

A WIFE'S VICTORY.

Something that readers of a pure and pow-

erfully dramatic fiction will intensely enjoy.

Our Arm-Chair.

Who Was the Author?—The recent

death, in this city, by suicide, of Major W. A.

Sigourney—a son of the late Mrs. Lydia H.

Sigourney—has once more raised the question

who was the author of the poem, "Beautiful Snow?"

The major vehemently claimed it as

his original conception, and the melancholy

circumstances which impelled its composition

seemed to reassure his claim to the author-

ship. His beautiful wife became a victim to

drunkenness and led an outcast life. She was found

dead, one winter morning, buried in the snow;

and, burying the remains of one he had never

ceased to love, he soon produced the poem,

"Beautiful Snow"—a pathetic refrain for the

lost one?

"Yes, certainly," she assured him.

"I may have my secrets as well as my batters. I don't think you will attempt to

pry into them." And then he told her briefly of the other woman's presence, and her low, morbid condition.

Then he led her to Nelly Kent's side, and Adria was surprised to recognize in the emaciated figure stretched almost helplessly upon the hard couch, the sweet-voiced woman who had once appeared at the Grange.

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This is his own and his friends' statement of the case. But, a new claimant, Mr. James Watson—whose volume, "Beautiful Snow and Other Poems," is soon to issue—comes forward with the rather conclusive argument of priority of publication, and asseverations of its long previous composition—a claim which certain accompanying circumstances seemed to substantiate. So the question is still an open one—"Who wrote the Poem?"

The Queen Discrowned.—The recent

discovery of more "diamond fields" in South

Africa, bids fair to give the precious stone a

new injury, by making the gems more com-

mon and therefore cheaper. The manufacture

of "paste" diamonds to which we recently

advertised, has brought so much discredit on

the true stone that it has, for a few years past,

been regarded as evidence of shoddy to display

a fortune on the person, exciting, as it now is

surely will be the case if the stories are ver-

acious that come to us from Cape Town.

T. De Witt Talmage's Alarm!—There is a book in press, soon to be announced,

which will make a somewhat startling exposé

of the evils of society, and the snare that

be set the steps of men and women who can

at all be tempted to swerve from the paths of

moral rectitude. The dreadful prevalence of

evil, in certain alluring forms, especially in

our cities, is enough to alarm every right-

minded person. There is, as it were, a tainted

atmosphere which all those who live in large

towns seemingly must breathe.

Too long have pupit and press been silent

over these insidious moralizers; and think-

ing so, the noted T. De Witt Talmage has en-

tered the list to grapple with these elements

that are slowly but surely disintegrating our

social purity; and, by unmasking them, to

show the true nature of the evil which sur-

rounds us, and to the unwaried orreckless,

are sources of almost irresistible ruin.

This volume is significantly and properly

called THE ABOMINATIONS, and, coming

from so eminent a hand—from one who we

fully know of what he speaks—it will com-

mand widespread attention. That it will do

immense good is certain. To the young and

the middle-aged men and women who consti-

tute "Our Society," it will prove particularly

persuasive and suggestive.

Pretending Respectability.—A co-

temporary says:

"Silver coffin trimmings are hired out for private

funerals in Lewiston, Me., to be returned after

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Well, what of it? It is no worse than any

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TWO SIDES.

SATURDAY JOURNAL.

5

THE LEAFLESS WOODS.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

All lonely, through the leafless woods,
When Autumn bleak resumes her reign,
When hope is blighted by my moods,
I stay to hear the trees complain.
But, in their sighs of mingled grief,
My heart, alas, finds no relief.

The sun shines where each gloomy shade
Through the trees—long had been,
With leafless boughs and green forbade
His radiance to enter in.

I wond'ry heart's yew-tree were bare,
That bright-joy could enter there.

All lonely, through the leafless woods,
Where summer flowers drooping lie,
I sit me down where solitude's
Enchanting moments calm the sigh
That fain would weigh upon the heart,
And there its pang of woe import.

The summer bird's deserted nest
Now hangs all bleak neglected there,
High in the tree's light bending crest,
And, by the boughs by, the air—
To-day my heart's as full of woe—
As nests shall be of winter's snow.

All lonely, from the leafless woods,
My homeward steps I slowly bend,
And, oh, the dreariest of moods—
Throughout my frame a sadness suspi—
My prisoned woe can't release.

The Dark Secret: on, The Mystery of Fontelle Hall.

BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON,
(MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.)

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

On the floor lay Augusta, prone on her face, her whole form writhing like one in undurable agony, her long, wild, black hair streaming, unbound, around her, her hands clenched till her delicate veins stood out like whip-cord, every motion quivering with unbearable torture. Startled and alarmed—albeit both to her were unusual—Jacquetta went over, and, catching her arm, exclaimed :

"Augusta! With a fearful shriek and maddened bound, she was on her feet, confronting her—her beautiful face distorted with anguish and remorse—her whole countenance so altered and terrible that Jacquetta involuntarily recoiled a step as she beheld her.

"Augusta! Augusta! Good heavens! What is the meaning of this?" cried Jacquetta.

But Augusta, with a wild, moaning cry, sunk down on a seat, and, with a convulsive shudder, hid her face in her hands.

"Augusta, my sister! tell me what has wrought this frightful change in you—once so cold, so calm, so proud, so queenly!"

"GUILT!" cried Augusta, dashing away Jacquetta's clinging hand; "guilt so black, so foul, so horrible that the very fiends themselves would shudder at it; guilt that it would curdle your blood, freeze your heart, blight your soul to hear; guilt, the very name of which—if it name it have—it would blister and blacken my lips to utter! Go—leave me! I ask nothing—I want nothing, but to be alone—and die!"

And with a cry of despair, she sunk down again, shuddering, and collapsed.

Jacquetta stepped back, and calmly regarded her.

"You are insane, Augusta, or in the delirium of a brain fever. I shall send for a doctor."

"Oh, leave me! leave me! leave me!" moaned Augusta, in a dying voice.

"Not in this state. I should be as mad as you if I did. I will stay with you until you come to your senses," said Jacquetta, sitting down.

The invincible determination in her voice seemed to pierce through every other feeling in the reeling brain of Augusta. She lifted up her face, and, with a suddenness that was more startling than her former paroxysms of anguish and despair, rose calmly and haughtily to her feet.

"Will you leave me, Jacquetta? I wish to be alone. Go!"

"Augusta, let me stay! Indeed, your mind is wandering—let me stay!"

Without a word, and with a look of one petrified to stone, Augusta swept across the room, and laid her hand on the door.

"Nay, then, if you will not remain with me, I will not send you from your room," said Jacquetta, in a troubled voice, as she, too, started up. "Do not go, Augusta. I will leave you. But, oh, my dearest sister, is there nothing I can do for you?" she said, beseechingly, clasping her hands.

"Nothing—but leave me!"

With a sigh, Jacquetta left the room, and heard the key turn behind her in the lock.

The proud heart of Augusta De Vere might bleed and break, but it could do both alone.

She turned away, and passed on to the room of her patient, where she found that sombre youth fast asleep, and, seeing her presence was not required there either, she finally sought her own room.

It was rather dull down-stairs that evening, for neither Augusta nor Jacquetta appeared at all. Mr. De Vere and Frank both retired early, and so Captain Disbrowe was left alone, in no very angelic frame of mind, to wander through the lower rooms and amuse himself as best he might, and wish Jacquetta would join him; but no Jacquetta came. At length, putting on his hat, he set off for a stroll, with his own thoughts for company.

It was a clear, starlit night, mild and warm as June; and, tempted by its quiet beauty, he walked on and on, returning, at last, by the north wing, that, in its gloomy silence, had a strange fascination for him. While he stood leaning against a broken pillar, looking up at it, he became conscious of voices near him; and a moment after two dark forms appeared from within the shelter of a low, ruined wall, overrun with ivy. One was the tall form of a man, muffled in a cloak, and wearing a slouched hat drawn down over his face, completely hiding it from view, and the other was—could he believe his eyes?—the stately form of his proud cousin, Augusta!

Even in his surprise—and it was intense—he saw that they seemed to shrink from each other with a sort of dread, or horror, or fear; and that both were extremely agitated. Once he saw his cousin stop, and make a frantic, passionate gesture, as if she would have hurried herself madly upon the stones at her feet, and the man put out his arm as if to catch her, and then draw it back and recoil still further from her. Then

they turned an angle of the wall and disappeared, and he was alone in the light of the bright, beautiful stars that looked serenely down on that strange meeting, as they have looked upon many other since the world began.

With an irresistible impulse, he turned to follow them, but both were gone—vanished like phantoms of the night; and he turned to retrace his steps, wondering inwardly where the secrets of this strange old house were to end.

CHAPTER XI.

CAPTAIN DISBROWE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

"Ah, there's a wake in heaven above
But half such pain as this—
Take, day and night, for woman's love,
What angels should be."—MOORE.

"The top of the mornin' to ye, captain, darlin'!" said a voice, in a slightly foreign accent. And the next moment, Master Frank, with a whoop that spoke well for the strength of his lungs, sprung up the front steps, and stood beside Disbrowe, who was lounging indolently against one of the quaint old pillars supporting the doorway, looking at the north wing, and thinking of the little incident of the previous night.

"The same to yourself, my spring of shilly-shilly," said Disbrowe, lifting his eyes, but without moving from his lazy position.

"I say, Frank," he added, suddenly, "do you know any thing about that mysterious old tower or wing over there? I think there's something wrong about it."

"Why?" asked Frank, casting an uneasy look, first on the speaker, and then on the place indicated.

"Well, from nothing that I know of my own knowledge, of course," replied Disbrowe; but it has a confoundedly suspicious, gossipy look about it for one thing, and I saw something strange there a few nights ago."

"What was it?" said Frank, with a start.

"A light!"—said Disbrowe, taking out a cigar, and biting the end off—"a light passing the front window, and shining through the ivy leaves. It was late—about midnight. I think—and, not feeling sleepy, I had turned out to admire the beauties of Nature, and look at the moon, and all that sort of thing, when, to my surprise, I saw a light flashing through the windows, and then disappearing."

"Oh, pooh!—a will-o'-the-wisp—an ignis fatuus—a jack-o'-lantern," said Frank, giving himself an uneasy twist.

"It was a jack-o'-lantern with a vengeance," said Disbrowe, laughing.

"Eh?" said Frank, looking sharply up.

"My dear young friend," said Captain Disbrowe, lighting his cigar, and drawing a few whiffs, "allow me to say that breaking yourself of that nasty habit of speaking in abrupt jerks would be a good thing to do. It gives me a sensation akin to a galvanic shock, or a twinge of toothache, to listen to you. I was informing you, I believe, that I saw a light in that old deserted place there, if I don't mistake, which piece of information allow me to repeat now, if you did not clearly comprehend it the first time."

"It must have been one of the servants," said Frank, taking out a knife, and commencing to whittle.

"Perhaps," said Captain Disbrowe, with a dubious smile, as he meditatively watched the wreaths of smoke curling upward.

"You don't believe me?" said Frank, looking at him.

"My dear boy," said the young officer, in his cold, careless way, "you don't suppose I could possibly be so impulsive as to doubt your word?" At the same time, my amiable young friend, allow me to ask you if your servants are in the habit of taking nocturnal excursions through those deserted rooms, or what possible reason—since they have been deserted for the last twenty years—they can have at all for going there?"

Frank looked cautiously over his shoulder for a moment to see that no one was listening, and then coming closer to Disbrowe, and sinking his voice to a cautious whisper, he said:

"I tell you what, cousin Alfred, there is something queer about that old place. I've always thought so, and I've seen lots of little things, now and then, to confirm the belief. I don't know what it is; and what's more, they all take precious good care I shan't know either; but I'll find out one of these days, as sure as my name's Frank De Vere—which it ain't, for that matter. Jack's posted, I know, and I'm sure she has something to do with it. Did you ever hear a strange sort of music there of nights?"

"Why?" said Disbrowe, evasively, remoniscing his promise to Jacquetta.

"Because I have, and more than once. When I get into bed I flatter myself I can beat any one to death in the sleeping line; but there have been times when I wake up, and I have heard the queerest, most solemn sort of far-off music at the dead of night, and I am quite sure it came from some place around here. I asked uncle about it the first time I heard it, and I wish you had seen the look he gave me, and the terrific way he thundered: 'Begone, sir! and hold your tongue, and never speak of such a thing again at your peril!' It beat a stern father in a melodrama all to nothing; so I bothered him no more after that."

"I wonder you never asked Jack."

"Well, I don't know; there's a sort of touch-me-not flash in Jack's eyes now and then when you tread on forbidden ground, and somehow I've always felt that she's more concerned in this affair than any of the rest. Of course, I don't know—I only guess; and, as it happens, I generally guess pretty accurately." 'Tis the evening of life gives me mystical lore!"

"And coming events cast their shadows before," said Disbrowe, pointing to an approaching shadow: and, even as he spoke, Jacquetta herself flashed up the steps, and stood bright and smiling before them.

"Bon matin, messieurs! Hope I don't intrude?"

"Angels can never be intruders!" said Disbrowe, flinging away his cigar, and touching his hat. "A thousand welcomes, my bright Aurora!"

"Now don't!" said Jacquetta, with a slight grimace. "I can't stand too much of that, you know. It's like burnt brandy—a very little of it goes a long way, and is very filling at the price. What momentous affairs were you discussing so learnedly just now, as I came up?"

"We were discussing Miss Jacquetta De Vere!"

"Well, I don't know as you could have found a better subject, at once edifying and instructive. But what say you to breakfast now, as a change of subject?"

"A most agreeable change," said Disbrowe; "and though, perhaps, not so delightful as the other, a good deal more substantial. I move an immediate adjournment."

"I second the motion," said Frank, shutting up his knife, and putting it in his pocket.

"What is the programme for to-day?" said Jacquetta, as they moved toward the breakfast-parlor.

"Haven't decided yet," said Disbrowe.

"Most likely you will devote yourself solely to our handsome patient, in which case, by the time evening comes, you will probably find my melancholy remains suspended from the nearest tree—a victim to the blue-devils and the most hard-hearted of cousins!"

"A consummation devoutly to be wished!" said Jacquetta, with a laugh. "But, having some regard for the feelings of the family, allow me to suggest an alternative to so direful a catastrophe. I am going to visit one of my pensioners this afternoon, about a mile from this; and, if you will promise to be good, and not pay me too many compliments, you may come. I have spoken."

"A hundred thousand thanks, most angelic of thy sex!" said Disbrowe, laying his hand on her heart, and bowing after the manner of gentlemen on the stage, who go down head foremost, until nothing is to be seen but the tails of their coat. "I am ready to swear by 'all the oaths that ever men have broken,' as my friend Shakespeare has it, to talk to order on any subject, from love and murder down to the latest style of 'gentle' superior vests,' for so delectable a privilege. I'm ready to vow the severest obedience to all manner of command that may issue from lips so beautiful; and what's more, as my friend Shakespeare further remarks, am ready to 'seal the bargain with a holy kiss!'

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"And I'll witness the transaction," said Frank, with a chuckle. "But here comes Gustav."

As he spoke Augusta swept past, with one of her slight, haughty courtesies, and took her place at the table, followed by the others. Disbrowe thought of the mysterious interview of the night before, and looked at her curiously; but the cold, pale face was high and immovable, and marble-like in its lofty pride and repelling hauteur. Not the faintest trace of emotion was visible in that coldly-beautiful face; the long, dark lashes swept the white cheeks, and veiled the dusky, brooding eyes; the pale lips were compressed—scorning, in their curve pride, all help and sympathy; the shiny, jetty hair was combed down either side of the high, noble, queenly-like alabaster in its purity—and simply knotted behind the haughty head. Had she been of steel or stone she would have looked as human as she did then; and yet this was the girl he had seen ready to dash herself on the pitiless rocks the night before, in her intolerable agony of woe and despair. She scarcely spoke or moved or lifted her eyes while she sat with them—there in body, but oh, so immeasurably distant in spirit! But once, in answering some question of his, she had, for a second or two, looked up, and then he saw the dark, settled night of anguish in those large, melancholy eyes.

Jacquetta was, as usual, the life and soul of them all—keeping up a constant war of words, and a steady fire of short, sharp, stinging repartees with the company generally—sometimes provoking Disbrowe to laughter, and sometimes to anger, and appearing most delightfully indifferent to both. Then she undertook to give an account of his escape with Captain Nick Tempest to her uncle, burlesquing the whole affair, and holding him especially up in so ridiculous a light that she had the old gentleman and Frank laughing most heartily, and had Disbrowe so indignant and mortified that he could have shaken her then and there with a right good will. But thinking it beneath his dignity as a man, he joined in the laugh against himself.

After breakfast the young lady went off to see Jacinto—as she took the trouble of informing our gallant young officer before starting; and he, with Frank, sauntered out to a trout-stream the latter knew of, where they could pass the morning. As usual, their theme was Jack; and an inexhaustible theme they found it, and mighty interesting to both.

"She spoke of going to see one of her pensioners," said Disbrowe. "How many has she got?"

"Oh, lots. And a precious lot, too. There's one of them now," said Frank, pointing to a hump-backed, idiot-looking boy who approached them, holding a brace of partridges. "Hallo, Dickie! Where are you bound for?"

"There's" said the lad, pointing with a nod and a grin toward Fontelle.

"Who are the birds for?" said Frank, attempting to look at them.

"You let 'em alone!" said Dickie, dodging back and assuming a belligerent attitude. "They're for her—Miss Jack; you let them alone—will you?"

"All right," said Frank, laughing. "Go on, Dickie. Give my compliments to the town-pump the next time you see it."

"And that's one of her protégés!" said Disbrowe, glancing carelessly after him.

"An interesting one, upon my word! If ever I do that sort of a thing, I shall only adopt pretty little girls."

"And marry them when they grow up—not a bad notion," laughed Frank.

"And pretty little girls are to be had for the asking, you will soon have a houseful. Suppose you begin with little Orrie Howlett?"

"Faith, I shouldn't mind. She came next door to proposing the last time I saw her. But how came Miss Jack to adopt that picture of ugliness?"

"Well, 'therby hangs a tale.' It was one day, about two years ago, Jack was down to Green Creek; and, passing by a tavern, she saw a lot of rowdies and loafers crowding round poor, silly Dickie, laughing, taunting, jeering, and kicking, and pulling, and hating the poor fellow until they had him half-maddened. A sight like that was enough to make Jack's blood blaze; and in a moment she had darted fiercely through them, and stood defying them. Dick, stamping his foot, and blowing them up right and left as only she can—calling them a set of cowards and rascals, the whole of them. I expect they were rather startled to see such a little fury, for all fell back but one half-tipsy fellow, who seized her by the arm in a threatening manner.

"With a perfect shriek of passion, Jack sprang back, and dashed her hand in his face with such force that, big as he was, he receded back, and saw more stars, I reckon,

than he ever saw before. Dick had taken to his heels the moment he found himself free; so Jacquetta, having stopped to assure them once more that they were a set of low, mean, cowardly knaves to so abuse Dickie, took her departure, while the rest forcibly held back the drunken scoundrel, who seemed very

CHAPTER XII.
A STRANGE MEETING.

Alone when the wind is about,
And the bat, and the newt, and the viper,
Search not what my heart hath been,
Lest where once there sat a queen."

—OWEN MEREDITH

It was in rather a peculiar mood, to use a mild phrase, that the Honorable Alfred Disbrowe walked home. There were a great many conflicting feelings surging through his mind, and chief among them were as consternation and mortification. Did ever man in this world make a proposal, and have it answered in such fashion as this? Did ever any living being behold such a provoking little minx as this fierce, unredable little enigma—this savage little wildcat, who unsheathed her claws and scratched, the moment he came too near—this young tomboy—this small flash of lightning—this little grenade, all jets, and fire, and sparks? It would have been a comfort to get hold of her—to shake her—to pull her ears, and then love her a thousand fold more than ever. Captain Disbrowe was just in the mood to do both. He could have boxed her ears with all his heart, and yet never had that heart thrilled in all his life as it was thrilling at that moment to the sound of her name. How his pulses leaped, and his blood bounded at the recollection of her small, involuntary, cousinly caress. Oh, Jacquette! Jacquette!—you little inflammation of the heart!—you little temerity! how much you had to answer for, for throwing the indolent, nonchalant, careless Captain Alfred Disbrowe into such a state of mind as that!

He reached home, at last—half-hoping, half-dreading, to meet Jacquette. The drawing-room door lay open, and a clear, sweet voice he knew only too well, was singing:

"On the Laird o' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great,
His mind's taken up wi' the things o' the state."
"There! there is a hole in the ballad!"
"Where's papa, Frank?"

"Up-stairs, in the library," said Frank, sauntering out, encountering Disbrowe in the hall.

Disbrowe went in—half-afraid to do it, too, for he could not tell how Jacquette would meet him. She was lying back, half-buried in the downy cushion of a lounge, caressing her huge, savage dog, Lion, who crouched at her feet, licking her hand and watching her with his eyes of flame. As Disbrowe entered, he started up, with a growl like distant thunder.

"Now, Lion, be quiet!—have manners, can't you? It's only your cousin Alfred, you know. Come in, my dear sir; I'm alone here, and feel awfully blue." And a dreary yawn attested the truth of her words.

As Captain Disbrowe, angry and provoked at this unlooked-for sort of greeting, obeyed, and flung himself, half-sullenly, into an arm-chair, her eyes fell on the dearly-bought flowers which, almost unknown to himself, he still carried in his hand.

"Oh, what pretty flowers! Hand them here, cousin Alfred. Lion, go after them."

Lion dutifully got up and trotted over, took the flowers in his mouth and brought them to his mistress.

"How sweet they are—how pretty—almost as delicious as the giver!" And the wicked fairy looked up, and laughed in his face.

With a suppressed oath, Captain Disbrowe sprung to his feet and began pacing, with passionate strides, up and down. Of all her willful moods, he had not supposed she would meet him like this: scorn and anger—blushing and avoidance. Silence and hauteur, he could have borne and managed; but this—this sublime forgetfulness of the whole thing—this audacious coolness and unconcern! Had she been trying for years, she could not have hit on a way so likely to enrage him; and I am afraid, as he ground his teeth, more than one naughty word escaped.

Jacquette arched her eyebrows, and pursed up her lips.

"Why, cousin Alfred! Good gracious! I wonder you ain't ashamed! Do you know what you said, sir?"

"Jacquette, will you drive me mad?" he exclaimed, passionately.

"Dear me! you said it again! Now, Lion, behave yourself! Don't eat all my flowers that way!"

"Jacquette, will you listen to me?" he cried, stopping before her in his excited walk.

"Well—proceed."

"Jacquette, I love you."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it, I'm sure. It shows a good deal of good sense on your part. Now, Lion, will you stop eating my flowers?"

"Oh, saints and angels! grant me patience! Jacquette, you will drive me mad!"

"Well, you told me that before, if I don't mistake. What's the good of repeating it? Go on."

With a fierce imprecation, he was up again, striding up and down as if he really was mad. Jacquette rose on her elbow, adjusted her pillow, so that she could lie and watch him comfortably.

"Cruel!—heartless!—unwomanly!" burst passionately from his lips, as he strode on without heeding her.

She looked at him with a strange, mocking smile on her face, and drew the ears of her savage pet through her fingers.

"Not tired yet," she said, when he ceased.

"Perhaps you are going into training for a pedestrian?"

"Insulting!—unfeeling coquette!" he bitterly cried.

She arose, haughtily.

"You forget yourself, sir! Another word like that, and I leave the room!"

"Oh, Jacquette! you are enough to drive a man crazy! but forgive me, I hardly knew what I was saying."

"So I think, Captain Disbrowe! Had not better come to your senses as soon as possible?"

"Jacquette, are you merciless? I have asked for bread—shall I get a stone?"

"You deserve a viper, sir! Sit down, I tell you!" she said, imperiously.

He obeyed, with something like a groan.

"Now, then, Captain Disbrowe, what do you want?"

"You, Jacquette!—my love!—my darling!"

Oh, the infinite depth of mockery in her eyes and smile!

"Indeed! And what do you want of me, pray?"

"Oh, Jacquette! what a question!"

"Is it? I see nothing extraordinary in it. If you came and asked me for Lion, here, I should probably ask you what you wanted

of him as well. And I rather fancy you would find it an easier question to answer than this."

He was silent, and bit his lip. The look of intense mockery on Jacquette's face was mingled now with unutterable scorn.

"Oh, the wisdom of these men! Oh, this wonderful love of theirs! Oh, this unspeakable depth of refinement and delicacy! Lion, my boy, thank God you love me, and have not a man's heart!"

"Jacquette!" he said, with a haughty flush.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, to be sure!" she said, "you do not know. If I had been one of your Lady Marys, or Lady Janes, would you have dared to talk to me like this? Because you found me a wild Yankee girl, who rode steeple-chases, played with dogs instead of Berlin wool and French novels, you thought you were free to insult me, and to talk to me as you would to a coal-heaver's daughter in England. Don't interrupt me, sir, and don't attempt to deny it; for, knowing what we both know, such a declaration from you is nothing more nor less than an insult!"

He faced round, and the light of his dark, bright, handsome eyes shone full upon her face.

"What we both know?" he said, slowly.

"May I ask what you mean by that, Miss Jacquette?"

Her face flushed to the very temples, and for a second or two, her eyes fell.

"I won't tell you!" she said, defiantly.

"But I know more than I ever learned from you!"

Her tone, hot at first, fell into its customary sanguine cadence, as she went on; and she broke into a short laugh, and fell to caressing Lion again as she ceased.

"And this is my answer?" he said, bitterly.

"Your answer? Yes, sir! I hope it pleases you!"

"And this is Jacquette?"

"At your service, sir. How do you like her?"

"Have you a woman's heart, Jacquette, or is there a stone in its place?"

"Perhaps there is?" And she laughed wickedly. "If so, you ought to be satisfied, for you said, away back there in your first chapter, that I had given you a stone."

"I told you I loved you!"

"Yes—I have a faint recollection of the fact. But you don't call that a question, I hope?"

"Nevertheless, I expected an answer."

"Ah! What was it to be?"

"That you loved me in return."

Jacquette laughed; and, springing up, began declaiming, stage-fashion:

"When that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania awoke, and straightway loved an—ass!"

You see, I can quote Shakespeare as well as you Cousin Alfred."

He ground his teeth with rage.

"Oh, heavens above! And this is what I have loved?"

"Don't get excited, my good Alfred—my dear Alfred! Keep cool; and if you find the air of this room heating, would you mind my insinuating a walk up and down the maple avenue, out there? The air, this cool spring day, will be a good thing to fear but you will get your answer."

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"That you loved me in return."

Jacquette laughed; and, springing up, began declaiming, stage-fashion:

"When that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania awoke, and straightway loved an—ass!"

You see, I can quote Shakespeare as well as you Cousin Alfred."

"Enough! I am drained!" as the old man drew in the last stake.

"I am sorry, indeed. You have a watch, I perceive." The last suggestively.

The watch was staked—and lost.

"You wear diamonds, sir," with oily persuasiveness.

The diamonds were staked—and lost; rings and studs.

"I bid you good-day, sir," and the fortunate stranger, after paying table fee, departed, leaving Reginald penniless.

A low murmur came from the crowd who gazed after the lucky winner.

For some time the young man sat in speechless despair; then, arising hurriedly, he made his way through the group that discussed his misfortune, and passed out.

Near the entrance, as he left the steps, some one tapped him on the shoulder. It was his late opponent.

"Well?" he exclaimed, bitterly: "what can you seek now? You have ruined me! Do you wish to mock me?—a beggar?"

"My friend," said the mild voice, "you are wrong. No—I would not mock you. My intentions are far different. You say you are ruined?"

"Ruined!" groaned Reginald.

"Then, I would befriend you."

"Befriend me?"

"Yes. See—as I was leaving the table, I picked this up."

Reginald snatched the paper which the other extended. It was the note in which Mervin Darnley had disowned his son.

Another moment, and it flew in bits, out to the gutter.

"How comes you by it?" he asked, red-dened.

"In using your handkerchief, it fell from your pocket. I have read it. It is a serious thing. You need a friend. I am the one who will befriend you!"

The red dye of Reginald's cheek grew deeper. Who, till now, would have dared say he needed a friend to sustain him before the world? It was a stinging utterance, and his first impulse was to resent it. But the hot blood that mantled his brow receded as he realized how much truth there was in the words. He looked searchingly into the speaker's face, and said, with evident emotion:

"Look! You have made me a penniless wretch! Now, you proffer friendship. Thinks well of your words, for I am in no mood to trifl. I am desperate. Do not play with a desperate man. Do you mean what you say?"

"Your name is Reginald Darnley?"

"Did not the note you picked up tell you that? Yours?"

"Mine is Henricq—Gerard Henricq."

"And poor business?"

"Gaming. Yes. I have made it a study, a profession. I live wholly by it. Few can play better than I; and very many old hands at the business have I beaten as easily as I did you. But, you play a close, shrewd game, young man—very; I grant you that?"

"Mervin Darnley is wealthy," continued Henricq, presently.

"Ay," said Reginald, with a bitter accent; "he is wealthy; and I, his only son, am reduced to absolute poverty!"

"Ah! young man, you must profess, if you do not actually possess, a wider knowledge of the world than to give way under such an occurrence as this."

"Your meaning, sir?"

"Oh, tricks, schemes, battles, and the like."

"I do not understand."

"Schemes to recover that which you have lost?" with low emphasis, while the eyes glistened behind the spectacles. Then he added, before Reginald could speak:

"Let us get off the thoroughfare, and in a place where we can talk privately."

Entering a restaurant, they ascended to the second story, secured a room, and ordered refreshments.

Gerard Henricq's bland, polite carriage, and professions of friendship, had already won the confidence of his younger companion, and it was not long before Reginald poured into his ear minute details of his situation.

When mention was made of the summary dismissal of the valet, Henricq's sallow face colored slightly, his eyes filled with fire, and a peculiar smile wreathed his lips. But this was only for a moment.

"I am, now, more than ever, interested in your welfare," he said. "Besides, your story makes my regret the deeper, that I should have played against you at cards."

"Say nothing of that!" interrupted Reginald. "What you have won is fairly yours."

"But," pursued the old man, "you will oblige me by accepting your watch and studs. A gentleman looks awkward with his shirt bosom loose," handing over the articles.

Reginald did not refuse them.

"I said I would befriend you," spoke Henricq, slowly, after having seemed to weigh something in his mind: "and, as you are pinched, I will begin at once. You have no money?"

"Not a dollar" was the dejected reply.

"Here are fifty. I'm going to be your banker."

"Can you mean it?" bewilderedly.

"There is the money. Do you want more proof?"

Reginald received the amount, with a grateful heart, and thanked his new-found friend for the generous gift.

"I will supply you with money whenever you are in need," added that winning, subtle voice.

"I am under obligations that I fear I shall never be able to cancel," cried Reginald, now looking upon his benefactor almost as a messenger from heaven.

"I shall expect you to return all I lend you."

This speech was stunning. Reginald looked at him blankly. How was it possible to pay any thing back, without recompence?

"That I can not promise, Gerard Henricq. You had best withhold your proposed bounty."

"Stop—you can safely promise, if I read you aright," were the strange words, intended to relieve the young man's embarrassment.

A whispering silence followed. The two men looked steadfastly at each other.

What could Gerard Henricq mean? What significance was there in those mild

sentences—those confident assertions? His manner was imperceptibly, growing more oily, more engaging; his words were singularly forcible in their calm utterance.

"Gerard Henricq, explain yourself. How am I to repay you?"

The old man turned his gaze to the carpet, and hesitated. Presently he said, while he smoothed his beard thoughtfully:

"Mr. Darnley, your situation, as you have remarked, is a desperate one."

"Ay, desperate!" was the prompt rejoinder.

"You realize it?"

"Fully."

"And yet you do not consider how easy a matter it would be to place yourself above want, to obtain a position even more independent than heretofore?"

Another pause. Reginald was silent.

The old man arose, and going to the door, locked it; after which, he returned to his seat, and said, in a voice still lower:

"Speak guardedly, now; I'm going to tell you something."

"Hurry, then," Reginald's curiosity was burning him.

"As I said, you are desperate—"

"Enough for any thing!"

"Ha! Now I have my reins. Then, why allow yourself to be barred from the luxury of a fortune, when a little—so little—determined action will adjust things to your benefit?"

"You speak in riddles."

"Has not your father already had made out a will, in which the bulk of his wealth is bequeathed to you?"

"He has; how do you know it?"

"I did not know it; I merely judged the likelihood—you being the only child."

"And how do you know I am the only child?"

For a brief space, Henricq seemed embarrassed.

"You told me so, just now."

"Perhaps I did," admitted Reginald, musingly, though he had no recollections of having done so.

"Would you suppose, now," the old man continued, "that your father had destroyed the will and made out a new one?"

"Having disowned me, it is reasonable to suppose the will has been destroyed, in which I was to be benefited."

"And has there been time to make out another?"

"I think it hardly possible," answered Reginald, blindly.

It would seem as if Henricq was gradually exercising a sort of mesmerism upon his younger companion.

"Then—" the low voice sunk lower—"why permit a new one to be made out at all?"

"Ha! what?"

"Stay! lower still, until he spoke in a whisper; "is it not possible that Mervin Darnley might die before another instrument could be made out?"

"Gerard Henricq—you mean—"

"Stop, stop," he interrupted, as he perceived that Reginald was staring and excited; for the hint was understood. "Stop, now; this is a weighty subject, and you must retain your wits."

"But, you have hinted—that—my father—must—" he was articulating, breathlessly.

"He is not your father, Mr. Darnley, smooth, oily, and two rows of white teeth—unusually sound for a man of his age—glittered behind the parted lips.

"Not my father!" Reginald's breath came short and quick.

"Has he not disowned you? If you are not his son, then, certainly, he is not your father? He is but a barrier between you and your means of support."

Reginald's eyes were dancing in excitement; a red haze hovered in his vision. His cheeks were scarlet in a feverish glow; the blood in his veins was boiling; a subtle coil was gathering round his heart—the serpent had struck!

"You would have me kill him!" he cried, huskily.

"Otherwise, poverty escorts you to the grave."

"You forget I have a good arm to toil with."

"Ah! you command a trade?"

"You evade the question. Have you learned a trade?"

"No—but—"

"So I thought. Do what I suggest, before another will is made out, and, if you are correct in your suspicion that the first will is destroyed, a goodly sum will yet be yours."

"Murder! Horrible! I can't—I won't!"

"Think of it. You will see the necessity," urged the serpent. "Besides, you may repent afterward, if you choose—and, you know, sin with repentance is better than prayers with pride. Think of it—think."

Reginald sprung from his seat and strode back and forth across the room, pressing his hands to his heated, throbbing temples, while he revolved the terrible suggestion in his brain.

"But," pursued the old man, "you will oblige me by accepting your watch and studs. A gentleman looks awkward with his shirt bosom loose," handing over the articles.

Reginald did not refuse them.

"I said I would befriend you," spoke Henricq, slowly, after having seemed to weigh something in his mind: "and, as you are pinched, I will begin at once. You have no money?"

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"As a rock!" hoarsely. "He has cast me off, and but for you I would now be hungering for a meal. It is his life or mine—and it shall be his!"

"You have determined wisely." The gray head nodded approvingly; then he continued: "Now, be firm in your determination."

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DISCARDED.

BY JOSEPH JR.

Well, all's over, you've said so;
I guess I can stand it without you;
What a fool to have bothered my head so,
Or to have been so foolish as to do it.
Broken-hearted I never will be, miss;
Nor go with my heart in a sling;
Pshaw, I can smile as you see, miss;
And—well for a cent I would sing!

It's too trifling a thing to get mad at;
Do you think I care if it shuns me?
It's a thing which I can't be glad at.
When I told you I loved you I said so;
I thank you, indeed, for your slight, miss;
Though *asuspicious* don't I think I'm worried;
Where's her hat and my mittens? Good-

night, miss.

GOING HOME.

What is this actual, real?
Must I nevermore call her my own?
And this must soon be over, I steal
Those kind I live on alone?
I blustered; oh, heart, that is breaking,
I belted all my sorrow and pain!
Oh, heart, that is stricken and aching,
Must I never fly to her again?

Oh, isn't this all a delusion?
So, then, though they were always about her
And now it is all in confusion,
How can I live on without her?
Nevermore shall I knock at her door—
Nevermore of my love shall I tell her!
Mr. Drugist, a pound of good strychine,
I've some troublesome rats in my cellar!

The Old Sea Dog's Ward.

BY C. D. CLARK.

LONG lines of shivering sand, gray rocks rearing their heads to the summer sky, beyond the blue expanse of old ocean heaving under the gentler breeze which came in from the westward. The white sails of shipping, the smoke of passing steamers, and the fishing boats closer in served to enliven the picture. Nestled down amid the rocks, not far from the beach, was a rude fisherman's cabin, built from fragments of wrecks which had floated in at various times, and had been saved from the angry sea. An old man, short and stout, with a bald head, and a face which had braved the sun and wind of many seasons on the sea, was seated upon a locker, working with a sailor's needle upon some article of wearing apparel, pushing the needle through the stout canvas by means of a sailor thimble, a thick leather patch in the palm of his right hand. There was something so jolly and good-natured in the face of the rough old man that it was simply irresistible. A lumbering, rolling step was heard, accompanied by a lighter tread, and the occupant of the cabin stopped his work and listened.

"Nat Lee, ahoy!" he roared.

"Hullo!" responded a rough voice, and the door was pushed open, and a grizzled old sea-dog, with a face literally overgrown with hair, came rolling in, yawning like a boat in a cross sea. A rusty tarpaulin was set upon his shockingly-neglected hair, and he wore a heavy pea-coat over his sailor rig. He was followed by a handsome lad, with a face like a woman's and eyes of wonderful brilliancy and beauty.

"Hullo there, Tom Frisbee!" said Nat Lee, gruffly. "How goes it, shipmate?"

"She rides easy, my boy," said Frisbee. "Fred Farley, you come to anchor on that cheer; Nat, you drop your kedge on that bunk and lay-to."

The youngster sat down in the place indicated, and Lee paced the floor of the cabin as if it were a quarter deck. Something was evidently on his mind, and he was trying to give it expression.

"Now, shipmate," he began, "I've come to you for a bit of advice."

"Heave ahead, Nat," said Frisbee, plying his needle; "you've come to the right port for that, you know."

"Any port in a storm," growled Nat. "See here; you and I have sailed too many voyages together not to understand one another. You see that boy, there?"

"I'm a-lookin' at him."

"You wouldn't think him an ungrateful sort of young chap, I suppose?"

"Not a bit of it, shipmate."

The boy gave him a grateful look, but said no word.

"Now, that chap was my old shipmate's child, Tom Farley, captain of the *Lively Sally*. I was his first mate, and the schooner went down in a squall off Hatteras. Tom had a child, and I reckoned it wasn't much to carry a little critter like that, and I brought it with me. I was picked up, and in course the little chap with me. I hadn't chick nor child of my own, and even sense that day, at sea or ashore, Tom Farley's child has been with me."

"I knew that afore," growled Tom, encouragingly. "Heave ahead with your yarn, shipmate!"

"That were seventeen year ago, and by my reckoning Tom Farley's child must be nineteen year old. Now, he ain't got no education 'cept what he's picked up in the ports we sailed to. He's a peart youngster, and has learned a heap, but I want him to learn more, and—"

"The long ant's short of the matter is," said the boy, in a musical voice, "he wants me to stay ashore for a year and go to school. Now, to do that, I must leave him, and I'm not going to do it."

"Well said, Ned, my boy," cried Tom; "and that obstinat old boy wants you to leave him."

"Overhail that, Tom Frisbee. I don't want him to leave me, but I sin't done him justice. I love the boy, even he will say that, and I want to give him a chance I never had myself."

"But I don't want to leave you, Nat Lee. I lost father and mother in the great storm in which you saved me. Not one of my name, as far as I know, is living on the earth, and I look to you for all. Let me stay with you, and you'll have offended you."

The old sailor turned his back, and his face worked strangely, while Tom Frisbee, holding his needle before his eyes, as if it were an article of rare interest, watched him furiously out of the corner of his eye, with a vague grin upon his face.

"You come to me for advice, did ye, old Nat," he said at last.

"Ah, ay, shipmate."

"Now, let's overhail this. You don't want the boy to leave you if he can git an education otherwise?"

"Course not."

"And Ned says he won't leave you, any how?"

"That's who he says."

"Then, see here; you lay in port three months to rest. You take and send him to a good sc'ool, and keep him there till you sail. He's mighty quick to learn, and he'll

pick up a heap in that time. Then you goes to sea and takes him with you, and he takes his books along, and when you git to port, ag'in he comes to anchor in another school, while youstay. That's the plan I've loged down."

"And a good one it is, Tom," said young Farley, springing up. "What do you say, father Nat?"

"All right; I'm agreeable, so that you git the farmin', I don't want ye to leave me, boy."

And they clasped hands, an unspeakable tenderness showing itself in the grizzled old face of Nat Lee, as he looked into the boy's handsome face. He had been with him through sun and shine and tempest for seventeen years, and all the love of the sailor's heart was given to his protege. They went away, leaving Tom Frisbee sitting on the locker, with that broad smile still lingering on his face.

So Ned Farley went to school, outstripping all competitors, and when the schooner sailed for the China seas, he went in her as first mate. They had a passenger, Mr. James Lockwood, the junior partner of the firm for which the Lady Lucy sailed, a young man of good education, and a delightful companion in a long sea-voyage. Ned Farley took a great fancy to him, and, indeed, he was a noble specimen of manly beauty and grace. Old Nat saw their growing attachment, and whispered to his mate, as they stood together at the heel of the bowsprit, looking forward.

"Take care what you do, Ned; it ain't safe."

"Father, think what I am and what he is," replied Ned, with a sad look. "You need not fear that I will betray myself." James Lockwood, seeing that the boy was always intent upon his studies when he had leisure, gave him the benefit of a finished education, and the long evenings were spent together by the light of the cabin lamps, poring over the books in which the boy took such delight. Much as Captain Lee wished to have the boy improve, this companionship seemed to give him great uneasiness, and he watched them closely. Ned improved a pace, and when they passed the coast of India, he had mastered the rudiments of an English education, and begun an advanced course.

One morning, as the Lady Lucy was moving lazily through the water, under the force of the gentle breeze from off the is-

pick up a heap in that time. Then you goes to sea and takes him with you, and he takes his books along, and when you git to port, ag'in he comes to anchor in another school, while youstay. That's the plan I've loged down."

Fate seemed against them, for the breeze died away, little by little, until the schooner lay at rest upon the tranquil water. About three o'clock a cloud of war-canoes of various sizes, but containing in all nearly one hundred men, came out of the bay, headed for the Lucy. "Run out the guns, Tom Peaks!" roared the captain. "Oh, for a wind now! It's coming, but not fast enough for us."

The bronzed savages came on, yelling like fiends, their weapons glittering in the sun. Tom Peaks, the gunner, blazed away at them until they were almost aboard, and the rest of the crew, thirty in number, piled their muskets gallantly. Three canoes were sunk, and the close fire of the Yankee tars played sad havoc among the others, but did not turn them. Lockwood, who had used a musket gallantly, threw it down when the enemy were close aboard, and caught up a cutlass. His example was imitated by the men, and every savage who laid a hand upon the bulwark was hewn down and cast into the sea. Two canoes fastened on the starboard quarter, and the occupants forced back two or three sailors who defended that point, and gained a footing on the deck. Lockwood saw them, and shouting to Captain Nat to follow, he sprung to their aid, and was assailed instantly by three of the savages. The first he cut down and parried a sweeping cut from the second, but the third, a fearful-looking savage, raised a huge club above the young man's now defenseless head. He knew the danger, but, engaged as he was with the savage in front, he could not ward off the blow.

At this moment there came a cry of horror, and Ned Farley sprang in and received the blow intended for Lockwood upon the head and wrist, and fell bleeding to the deck. At the same moment, with a snarl like a tiger, the captain clove the savage to the teeth. Just then the breeze filled the sails; Tom Peaks sprung to the wheel, and the Lady Lucy glided through the water, leaving the canoes behind.

Lockwood caught the insensible form of Ned in his arms, and unbuttoned his collar to give him air. A look of wild surprise came into his face.

"A woman!" he cried.

"You have the secret," said Nat Lee, fiercely. "See that you keep it!"

ment, and of the highest importance that I should reach the post at a certain time.

The dispatches, consisting of two small, thin packets of the lightest tissue paper, closely written over, were secreted in my buckskin hunting-shirt, by splitting the skin at its thickest place, inserting the documents therein, and then pasting the edges securely down.

This precaution was taken, not so much as regarded the Indians, but in view of the fact that the route, especially in the mountains, was infested by enemies far more dangerous than the red-skins. I mean the "mountain robbers," of whom there were several distinct bands operating throughout that section—ugly customers to deal with, even when you opposed them man to man.

Concentrate all that is desperate, savage, and low in the human heart, and you have a fair sample of these freebooting gentry, through whose "domains" I was about to pass.

Thoroughly prepared to meet and overcome any ordinary difficulty, heavily armed, and mounted upon a horse of unusual speed and bottom, I rode out, at early morning, from the clump of timber surrounding my ranch, and, turning due west, struck out for the mountains, whose higher peaks were faintly outlined upon the paler blue of the sky beyond.

An hour by sun found me entering the broken ground—foot hills of the range proper—and I determined to camp for the night at the first favorable spot, instead of entering the deltes of the mountains for a night ride.

Next morning early, I started upon what I felt to be the most dangerous, as well as difficult, portion of my journey; and, after beginning the ascent, following an old trail pretty clearly defined, I at once became watchful, regarding every turn in the path and every possible cover with suspicious eyes, until the point had been passed.

I afterward learned that I might have saved myself this trouble, for watchful eyes had noted every step, every movement I had made since coming within range of a powerful glass that had been leveled upon me from a lofty observatory.

The road over which I was traveling, as you may suppose, was none of the best; indeed, it was, in places, nearly impassable, and hence my progress here was of the slowest.

And, moreover, the further I penetrated

the time fully exposed to the aim of my assailants.

But a moving figure is somewhat difficult to hit with a single ball, and twice I heard the reports of their rifles, both times without other effect than knocking the splinters of rock in my face.

Thirty paces from where I started, the path turned abruptly to the right, and, in passing around the projecting point, I found that, at last, I was out of range.

The exclamation of satisfaction that arose as I realized this fact, died on my lips as I, on glancing forward, made a discovery that far outweighed the momentary advantage gained by reaching cover.

Scarce ten paces from where I stood there lay, directly in the trail, a huge boulder, completely blocking it, and of such a size and shape as to preclude the hope of climbing over.

The rock had but recently fallen, as was evident from the appearance of the earth, as well as the scant shrubbery, which, though torn up by their roots, was still fresh and green.

With the hope of finding some way of surmounting the barrier, I went forward, only to be utterly disappointed.

A mountain-goat could not have found foothold sufficient to climb, and of course no man could do so.

However, the examination was not entirely bootless, for close under the near side of the rock I discovered a cave, which, though small, was large enough to conceal and shelter me from the aim of those who had chosen to make a target of my body.

Into this I hastily crept, and, securing a position that commanded the opposite side as well as trail, where it turned, I settled down to await events.

At least two hours must have passed in this manner before I heard any sound that would indicate my enemies being on the move.

Once I had caught sight of a head peeping around a rock on the other side, a scout evidently seeking to note my position, but before I could bring my rifle to bear it was withdrawn from sight.

Another interval of silence, and then came the sound of voices, I thought proceeding from beyond the bend in the trail,

and on my side.

Shifting my position, so as to be able to fire in this direction, I cocked my rifle and waited.

Nor had I to do so long.

First the outer rim of a coon-skin cap was cautiously projected from behind the rock. Little by little it came into view, and, finally, I beheld a glowing pair of eyes eagerly scanning the "pocket" into which I had been caught.

The opportunity was too good to be lost, and, quick as thought, I had sighted and fired.

I saw a dark figure pitch forward, only a fleeting glimpse, and then it disappeared over the ledge.

I had only time to catch up my revolvers, when the remainder of the band, five in number, rushed one after the other round the angle, and, with yells that reminded me more of furious wild beasts than human beings, they charged down upon me.

The foremost reeled at my first shot, and the second reeled against the rock, with a ball in his shoulder.

The third one would undoubtedly have caught it next, but just then I received a most unexpected as well as astounding reinforcement that quickly turned the tide of affairs.

First a hideous roar, followed by a succession of angry snarls, and then, actually tumbling around the corner, appeared a huge she-grizzly, evidently gaunt with hunger and furious at having her beat intruded upon.

For one moment, and that a brief one, she paused to glare upon her enemies, and then, with a howl that fairly shook the rocks around, she precipitated herself into their midst.

It was absolutely awful, and in recalling the scene, even now I can but shudder at the recollection.

The freebooters saw there was no escape, no chance save in flight.

They were forced to forget me, and turn every effort to save themselves from this new and unlooked-for enemy, and I must do them the justice to say that never men fought so as did these.

But what could four men do against such odds, and under such circumstances?

One was hurled over the precipice by a single blow of the great beast's paw.

Another was caught and drawn into the deadly embrace, a savage bite, in which neck and shoulder were involved, a crushing of bones, and the hapless wretch was dropped, a limp, inert mass upon the trail.

During this episode the remaining two were pouring into the bear a rapid fire from their revolvers, but seemingly without other effect than to render her still more furious.

As the grizzly turned, after dropping the crushed man, they together delivered their last charge, and throwing the now useless weapons aside, they simultaneously drew their knives and rushed on the beast.

It was a short, though desperate struggle.

With the strength of sheer despair, the two plied their knives, and with telling effect.

Suddenly the bear, as though disposed to retreat, drew back a pace or two, but it was only to gather strength for a new assault.

A quick rush, and again the three closed in deadly conflict.

A sharp struggle round and round the narrow ledge, and then, clinging together, they went over into the empty void, still locked in that deadly embrace.

I crawled out of my hiding-place, weak, and use a common phrase, "as a cat" and pretty well unnerfed.

Of course my journey was at an end, at least for that time.

I managed to reach my ranch the day following, and there rested a day or so,